

POEM COMPOSED MARCH 24, 1977

I was reading just now  
a summation of the 1960's,  
the sort of four-fold list of generalizations  
which since they are more or less true  
as well as easy to remember

appeal to me as a teacher

although less so as a writer

and which I would certainly hate to be a victim of

but anyway it suddenly occurred to me  
that it is almost 1980!

Soon everyone will be composing  
poems, newspaper articles, and special features  
for network television magazines  
in summation of the 1970's, replete with hedged  
predictions for the 1980's.

As usual I will be scooped.

I mean, I've been so busy trying to make sense  
out of the 1960's  
that I hadn't really noticed that the '70's were  
taking place.

But I do want to jot down the title of this poem  
in testimony that I was the first person to notice  
that it was almost 1980.

P.S. My prediction for the 1980's  
is we will stop worrying about the violence on t.v.,  
whether grades are too high,  
and if, at Cana, Christ changed water into wine or  
grape juice.